

5 2

*1747*

BLUNDRELLA:  
OR, THE  
IMPERTINENT.  
A  
T A L E.

---

*Hunc neque dira venena, nec hosticus auferat ensis:  
Nec laterum dolor, aut tussis nec tarda podagra:  
Garulus hunc quando consumet cumque loquaces,  
Si sapiat, vitet simulatque adoleverit ætas.*

Hor. Ser. Lib. 1. Sat. 9.

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To which is Added

The BEAU MONDE,  
OR, THE  
Pleasures of St. JAMES'S.  
A  
NEW BALLAD.

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To the Tune of, *Oh! London, is a fine Town, &c.*

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The SECOND EDITION.

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L O N D O N:

Printed for A. D O D D, at the Peacock, without Temple-Bar, and  
Sold by the Bookfellers of London and Westminster. Price 6d.

M D C C X X X.

See p. 11, the first 2 stanzas, for a reference to "Miss  
Polly Peachum" in the Beggar's Opera. (copied in Note book  
i, 153.)

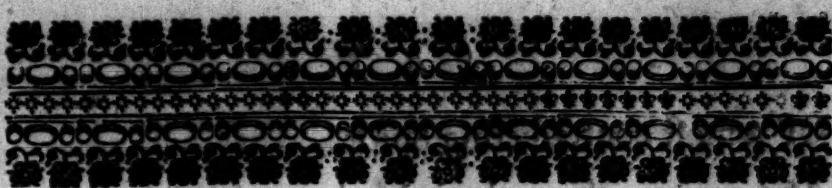
The B. & M. MONDE

Plates of St. James

NEW BALLAD







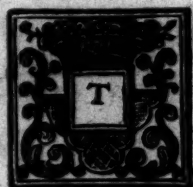
# BLUNDRELLA:

OR, THE

## IMPERTINENT.

A

## T A L E.



HE Tea was drank and ta'en away,

No Soul had any thing to say;

The Weather, and the usual din

A fresh were going to begin;

Fashion and Scandal, drain'd before,

On Carpet had been brought once more,

But for *Blundrella*, common Pest,

Of the Polite, the standing Jest.

*BLUNDRELLA* Idol of the Vain,

And first in the Loquacious Train;

In all things ignorant and weak,

Yet on all Subjects would she speak;

And of her own Perfections vaunted,

Still daunting all, herself undaunted;

A 2

Of

10 June 16 P+C c.1

Of a most contradicting Spirit,  
 And envious of another's Merit.  
 This Creature thus, with saucy Air,  
 Addrest *Belinda*, blooming Fair.

MADAM! I'm told you sing; I long  
 To have the honour of a Song:  
 Much better bred than to refuse,  
*Belinda* pleads the old Excuse;  
 She's caught a Cold, and feigns a Cough,  
 But that, alas! won't bring her off;  
*Blundrella* urges her Request,  
 Now seconded by all the rest.

A T length, unwilling to appear  
 Affected, peevish, or severe,  
 The lovely Virgin tun'd her Voice,  
 More out of Complaisance than Choice:  
 While all were with her Musick pleas'd,  
 But she who had the Charmer teas'd;  
 Who, rude, unmanner'd, and abrupt!  
 Did thus *Belinda* interrupt:

MADAM, (said the affected Thing)  
 Did you ne'er hear *Squallinda* sing?  
 I've heard her sing that very Song,  
 Would charm the whole Seraphic Throng;  
 Of all the Singers her for me,  
 She sings so sweet, so clear, so free!  
 But, Madam! can't you sing another?  
 That Song, I hope, has got a Brother;



Let us have that which the *Fustina*  
 Sings when she hangs on *Senifino* ;  
 Its Name I have forgot, no matter,  
 'Tis that which makes the Boxes clatter :  
 Or, Madam ! but I beg your Pardon,  
 There is a Song, that in the Garden  
*Cuzzoni* sings unto her Son ;  
 That, or another, 'tis all one.

*BELINDA* blush'd with Shame and Rage ;  
 But yet, unwilling to engage  
 So bold a Foe in such a Fray,  
 She let the Creature have her Way :  
 And, tho' at fight she sung her Part,  
 And was a Mistress in the Art,  
 Pledg'd her want of Voice and Skill ;  
 Which made *Blundrella* prouder still.  
 Who grew insufferably vain,  
 And alter'd both her Voice and Strain.

*SHE* talk'd of Singers and Composers,  
 Of their Admirers and Opposers,  
 Of the *Cuzzoni* and *Faustini*,  
 Of *Handel* and of *Bononcini* ;  
 One was too rough, t'other too smooth,  
*Artillo* only hit her Tooth ;  
 And *Tamo Tanto* was a Song  
 Would give her Pleasure all day long.

*FULL* loftily she gave her Vote,  
 This had no Voice, and that no Throat ;

B

That

That *Heideigger* had receiv'd a Letter,  
 And we should shortly have a better;  
 A Messenger was sent to *Dover*  
 To wait the Lady's coming over,  
 Who should no sooner hither come,  
 But she would strike all others dumb.

SHE likewise grew exceeding witty  
 Upon the Conforts in the City;  
 'Tis true, she lik'd the *Castle* best,  
 But yet she made 'em both a Jest:  
 Nor did she much admire the *Crown*,  
 But as 'twas t'other End o' the *Town*.

SHE next of Masters 'gan to preach;  
 The *English* were not fit to teach,  
*Italians* were the only Men,  
 And ev'n of those not one in ten;  
 For she had heard a Lady say,  
 Scarce two in Town could sing or play.

WHAT with Composers, Players, Singers,  
 Performance, Gusto, Voices, Fingers,  
 She ran herself quite out of breath,  
 And talk'd the Company to Death.

WHEN haply, with engaging Air,  
*Eugenio*, darling of the Fair,  
 Who touches charmingly the Flute,  
 Enter'd, and struck *Blundrella* mute;  
 And



And kept her Clack-eternal under  
For near a Minute, There's a wonder!

*EUGENIO* must expect his Share;  
For scarce he had assum'd a Chair,  
But she, impatient, Silence broke,  
And thus th' Eternal Teazer spoke.

NOW for a Tune, my pretty Man!  
Nay, you shall play, say what you can:  
Ladies! he's the delightful'st Creature  
You never knew, no Soul play sweeter:  
Nay, prithee now don't make a Rout,  
Here 'tis Egad, come --- pull it out.

WHAT mortal Man could stand the Tryal!  
He must consent; there's no denial,  
So, for meer quiet Sake, he plays,  
While she e'en stifles him with Praise,  
And worries the poor Man to death,  
Nor suffers him to take his breath;  
But calls for Tune on Tune so fast,  
*Eugenio* is quite tir'd at last,  
And begs a Truce upon Parole,  
He'll play anon with all his soul.

NOW you must know *Belinda's* Charms  
Had giv'n his Heart no small Alarms;  
He was her Servant most avow'd  
And happiest of the fighting Crowd.  
*Sophronia*, being her near Relation,  
Haply laid hold on this Cessation;

And, to *Eugenio* drawing near,  
 She whisper'd softly in his Ear,  
 Told him *Blundrella's* vile Assurance,  
 And sweet *Belinda's* mild Endurance.

*EUGENIO* instantly was fir'd,  
 Rage and Revenge his Mind inspir'd:  
 He re-assum'd his Spech and Flute,  
 And thus *Blundrella* did salute;  
 Madam, (said he) before I go,  
 Your dear Commands I'd gladly know.

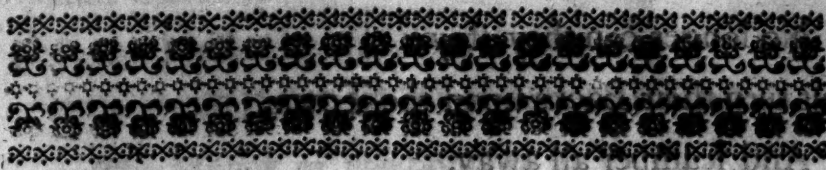
*BLUNDRELLA* rear'd her Crest aloft,  
 And begg'd him to play something soft:  
 What think you, Madam, of *AL OMBRA*?  
 That's poor dull Stuff, do ye like *SGOMBRA*?  
*Si Caro*, if you please, said she:  
 He play'd the Tune of *Children three*.  
 She was in Raptures, and intreated  
 The self same Tune might be repeated.

HE chang'd his Airs, and, to her Shame,  
 She took ten others for the same.  
 In short, *Eugenio* play'd her off,  
 And made her all the Circle's Scoff:  
 While, stupid she! ascrib'd to Wit and Sense  
 The Laughter rais'd by her Impertinence.

T H E



( 9 )



T H E  
**BEAU MONDE,**

O R T H E  
**Pleasures of St. JAMES'S.**

**BALLAD.**

---

To the Tune of, *Oh! LONDON is a fine Town, &c.*

---



*H! St. James's is a lovely Place,  
'Tis better than the City;  
For there are Balls and Operas,  
And every Thing that's pretty.*

There's little **Lady CUZZONI**,  
And bouncing Dame **FAUSTINA**,  
The Duce a Bit will either Sing  
Unless they're each a **QUEEN**—*a.*

And when we've ek'd out **History**,  
And made them Rival **Queens**,  
They'll warble sweetly on the **Stage**,  
And scold behind the **Scenes**:

*Ob! St. James's, &c.*  
C When

When having fill'd their Pockets full,  
 No longer can they stay;  
 But turn their Backs upon the Town,  
 And scamper all away:

The Felles and Beaux cry after them,  
 With all their might and main;  
 And *HEIDEGGER* is sent in haste  
 To fetch 'em back again.

*Ob! St. James's, &c.*

Then Hey! for a Subscription  
 To th' Opera, or the Ball;  
 The Silver Ticket walks about  
 Untill there comes a Call.

This puts them into doleful Dumps,  
 Who were both blith and Gay;  
 There's nothing spoils Diversion more  
 Than telling what's to pay.

*Ob! St. James's, &c.*

There's *POPE* has made the *witlings* mad,  
 Who labour all they can;  
 To pull his Reputation down,  
 And maul the *Little Man*.

But Wit and he so close are link'd,  
 In vain is all this Pother;  
 They never can demolish one  
 Without destroying 'tother.

*Ob! St. James's, &c.*

And



And there's Miss *POLLY PEACHUM* lugs  
 Our Nobles by the Ears,  
 'Till *PONDER WELL* by far Exceeds  
 The Musick of the Spheres.

When lo! to show the Wisdom Great  
 Of *LONDON*'s famous Town,  
 We set her up above her self,  
 And then we take her down.

*Ob! St. James's, &c.*

And, there's your Beaux, with powder'd Cloaths,  
 Bedaub'd from Head to Shin;  
 Their Pocket-holes adorn'd with Gold,  
 But not a soule within:

And there's your pretty Gentlemen,  
 All dress'd in Silk and Sattin;  
 That get a Spice of ev'ry Thing,  
 Excepting Sense and Latin.

*Ob! St. James's, &c.*

And there's your Cits that have their Tits,  
 In *Finsbury* so sweet.  
 But costlier Tits they keep, God wot!  
 In *Bond* and *Poultney-Street*.

And there's your green Nobility,  
 On Citizens so witty,  
 Whose Fortune and Gentility,  
 Arose from *LONDON*'s City.

*Ob! St. James's, &c.*

We go to Bed when others rise,  
And Dine at Candle-light;  
There's nothing mends Complexion more,  
Than turning Day to Night,

For what is Title, Wealth, or Wit,  
If Folks are not Genteel?  
Or how can they be said to live,  
Who know not what's **QUADRILLE**.

Ob! St. James's, &c.

And there's your Beauty, with powder'd Cloaths,

**F I N I S**

Their Pocket-holes sham'd with Gold,

But not a hole within:

And there's your pretty Gentlemen,

All dress'd in Silk and Satin;

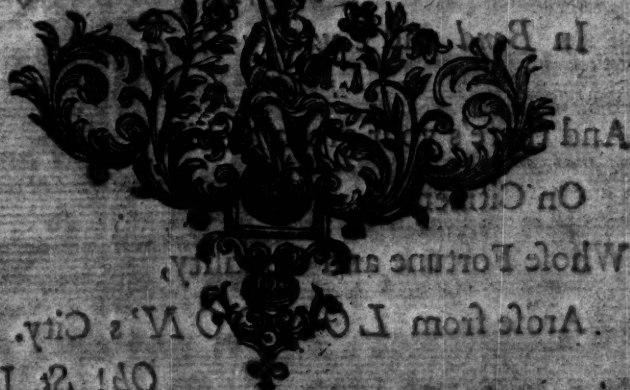
**E R R A T A**

**P**Age 1. l. 1. for *Blunderella*, r. *Blundrella*. P. 7. l. 10. for you  
never knew no Soul play sweeter, r. you ever knew, no Soul  
play sweeter. p. 8. l. 7. for Speech, r. Speech.

And there's your Girls that have their Tits,

In Fanny's to sweet.

But coarser Tits they've got, God wot!



Ob! St. James's, &c.

We